

# The Caledonian.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Thursday, Nov. 24, 1887.

Dissatisfied with One's Lot.

Good Housekeeping.

The good things of this life are always a long way off. The ruminating cow or horse will wander around a rich pasture, feeding here and there and apparently seeking for something better. The unruly sheep bounds over the wall or through the fence to get a morsel that is seemingly supposed to be little beyond the known field. Men envy each other in their occupations. The blacksmith is sorry that he was not a carpenter; the carpenter is sorry he was not a painter; the painter is sorry that he was not a blacksmith.

By snapping at the piece of meat that is reflected in the water, the dog knows that which he already possesses. The railway conductor feels that he has a hard time in earning his bread and envies his friend in having an occupation that seems to rest on nothing, but which in reality is leading him later into a wish that he might do something less exhausting.

Dissatisfaction with one's own lot and the bright prospect of an easier and more contented life in some one's else shoes, somehow or other seems to run through human nature and to be the *ignis fatuus* of a tiresome round of daily duties, that are endeavoring to and relief.

The daily treadmill of work, no doubt, is wearying. An operation that is at first interesting, ceases to be so on the hundredth or thousandth repetition, and becomes a dead load upon endurance. The industrious housekeeper whose work is "never done," plods on in the mending cycle of details that constitute her housework, and longs for a relief to come before death shall be the final relief.

The labor of maintaining existence is hard, of course, and its exactness are often burdensome to overworked humanity; but each one is in error in thinking that he is the only one that is overburdened and wearied and that every body else is carried along on the crest of the wave.

If Longfellow is right, if it is true that

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, each to the part,  
That he has cast upon him."

then it is the duty of life to work out the best results that we can, and to keep on working in patience, each at his own undertaking, striking out with manly strokes in the direction of duty, and remembering that, as irksome as the labor may be, millions of our fellow beings are bearing the same load in another form and many of them one that is vastly heavier.

Wash the Dishcloth.

Good Housekeeping.

Now that diseases are known to be caused by germs, one is on the lookout for death in almost anything. Even a dishcloth may generate the germs that cause sickness and death. If it is black and stiff, and sour, throw it into the fire. Keep your dishcloth clean, if you have to eat without a tablecloth, do without curtains to your windows and cake for your tea, and have to let your face dry after washing it. Let the weeds grow in your garden, let the holes in the heels of your husband's shoes go unattended, let the shoes go without blacking for Sunday, if necessary, but do not neglect to wash the dishcloth.

A tidy housekeeper writes: "I have washed a whole house full of typhoid fever in one dishcloth. I had some neighbors once—clever, good sort of folks. One autumn four of them were taken sick with the typhoid fever. The doctor ordered the vinegar barrels whitewashed, and threw about forty cents' worth of carbolic acid into the swill pail department. I went into the kitchen and made gruel. I needed a dishcloth, looked around for one, and found several. And such rags! I burned them all, and called the daughter to get me a dishcloth. She looked around on the table. 'Why,' said she, 'there were about a dozen here this morning.' She looked in the wood-box, on the mantel piece, and felt in the cupboard. 'Well,' I said, 'I saw some old, black, rotten rags lying around, and I burned them, for there is death in such dishcloths, and you must never use such again.' I took turns in nursing that family for weeks, and I believe those dirty dishcloths were the cause of all that hard work."

Don't Mortgage the Farm.

Leviston Journal.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug-store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city. There they go for goods, to leave whips, robes and bundles, to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy young man, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking up to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent look, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp"—in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems that the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1200 dollar farm, had taken a wife, furnished a home and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told:

"Your farm is clear now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first and then build your barn. If you borrow now, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come, or a poor crop for your portion; there will be a hundred dollar skeleton in your house and, ten to one, you won't fret and grow peevish and have a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you'll be as proud of it as an Englishman is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all was silence. Gradually the head lowered and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a-crying when I left home because she was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your ad-

vice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet."

"There," said the Bangor man, "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

The Family Scrap Basket.

Good Housekeeping.

Water, as hot as possible without burning, is drunk at every meal by some dyspeptics and is pronounced good. A gobletful is the prescribed quantity.

Some people who fancy that they are billions, and mayhap are so, drink the pure juice of one lemon at every morning and find it efficacious. It certainly cures heartburn.

A nice, juicy apple is capital if eaten before breakfast. A well known merchant who is noted for his most appetizing good health, eats an apple before each meal and says that it is the only medicine he requires.

Praise your wife man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her, says a writer in Our Dumb Animals. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these last ten years; but she will do her good and you, too. There are many women today thirsting for a word of praise—the language of encouragement. You know that if the floor is clean labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it somebody's fingers have toiled. Why don't you come out.

Leaves for Bedding.

A South Randolph correspondent writes: We often see the statement in print that it pays well to gather forest leaves in quantities for bedding. I have myself practiced it some, and think them not very profitable to gather. They may make good manure as far as they go, but they don't go far. I doubt if a two-horse wagon load will tread, with top side boards on, would more than make a bushel of solid manure when mixed with the excrement of animals. Leaves are not so good bedding as sawdust or straw, in my opinion, though they may do for want of something better. In riding over the country today, I saw two pieces of India wheat, that had not been harvested, there being no grain on the straw. I should like that straw for bedding. But in these days the science man protests so much against the waste of straw in feeding, and presents so many facts in favor of feeding it in connection with cotton seed meal and other meal to make a complete food, that we farmers are almost ashamed to use it for bedding. Still it is a question with me whether it is not, after all, our cheapest material for bedding and an absorbent, unless sawdust or some other cheap substance can be economically obtained.

It is the general practice in Spain to shoe horses without application of heat, and very few shoeing smiths have bellows or forges in their shops. They also make their shoes without the aid of fire, a fact largely due to the pure, soft, ductile iron, primarily manufactured with wood and charcoal. The Spanish "herrador," or shoeing-smith, for he does no other work, general jobbing or repairing, has no use for the drawing-knife, and he never touches or pares anything but the wall, and that with the butter, and on no consideration would he put on a calk unless ordered so to do by a veterinarian. It may be surprising, but nevertheless it is so, that lameness located in the feet or caused by shoeing is far more rare in Spain than in England or America.

Miss E. J. Robbins

Is now showing the largest and finest assortment of

Ladies' Kid Boots.

We must say that our stock is just elegant. We are selling one lot for

\$1.25 that are really worth \$1.75

and our beautiful

Electric Boot at \$1.75

would be a bargain at \$2.25 as boots are usually sold.

Our Paris Kid at \$2.25

is very pretty and wonderfully cheap. We have in stock the

Bright Finish Dongola;

both Common Sense and Opera style. The

Waukenphat English Boot

such a comfort to the wearer, is stitched (alot) and is right in style. We are having a large sale on our

Quaker Boots

they are so good and easy and durable, our

French Kid, hand sewed Boots

are the best in the market.

We know we can fit any foot or any sized pocket book and suit the most fastidious taste. We want to see you and will do our best to please.

Prior & Bagley,

Boot and Shoe Emporium,

66 and 68 Railroad Street,

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

33 PER CENT.

We have a few goods

Slightly out of Style

and a little shop-worn which

we are selling away

Below Cost

to clear out.

Come Quick

and get your choice.

Bundy's Shoe Store,

45 Main St. St. Johnsbury.

Anti-Apoplectine

Is a preparation that has long been in use by a physician of forty years active professional experience, and the claims that are made for it have thousands of times been verified. It has a combination of the most potent remedies known to Medical Science for preserving the fluidity and PURITY of the Blood and the Integrity of the Blood Vessels, should you suffer from Dizziness or Pressure in Head, Spots before Eyes, Pain around or Fulgitation of Heart, Pain in Region of Heart with feeling of suffocation, Ringing Sound in Ears, Numbness or Prickly sensation of Limbs, especially the Arms, Pain between Shoulders and Side, Dry Cough, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, or if suffering from General Debility with Loss of Appetite, procure a bottle of Anti-Apoplectine, it not only

PREVENTS

Apoplexy, but cures Paralysis, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Angina Pectoris, Chronic Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Dyspepsia, etc., etc.

Knowlton Falls, Vt., Dec. 1, 1886.

Have had two Apoplectic Strokes, lost the use of one side of body, and Anti-Apoplectine cured me; I am now able to attend my farm work.

N. G. AUSTIN.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients.

Agent: C. N. CRITTENDON, New York.

March 15, '88

FLOUR.

Don't go Hungry.

Good Flour only

Nice Family Flour only

Best Roller Process only

For cash, every barrel warranted, at

L. D. STILES,

St. Johnsbury Centre.

Price, \$1 per barrel. Sold by Eliot Brothers, St. Johnsbury, and all Druggists.

Dr. J. Q. A. PACKER, Proprietor,

St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

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# Moved Up

Into the

Music Hall Dry Goods Store.

We are opening and arranging

new goods. We have

also a full new line of Cloaks,

Seal Plush Sacques and Wraps

Astrachan Sacques and Jack-

ets. We have the choicest

line of fine foreign Dress

Goods, Flannels, Shawls and

Credmore, we have ever

shown. We are selling the

best prints for 5c and Century

Cloths for 8c.

Come to the New Store.

Be sure and bring your money

with you and you can get

more goods for the amount

you pay than ever before.

Thanking our patrons for

past favors,

G. A. WHITCHER.

MUSIC HALL

Main St. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

Miss E. J. Robbins

Is now showing the largest and finest assortment of

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We must say that our stock is just elegant. We are selling one lot for

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# FALL AND WINTER

# DRESS GOODS

Mrs. W. J. SANBORN

Offers among her large as-

sortment of Fall Dress Goods,

the following Special Lines, a

complete line of colors in the

finest

IMPORTED DRESS SILKS.

Novelties in Stripes and Plaids

with Plain Colors to match.

A fresh stock of

CLOAKS.

Attention is called to special-

ties in

Corsets, Hosiery and Underwear.

MRS. W. J. SANBORN,

111 Eastern Avenue,

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

WE

have in stock everything usually kept in a first

class Boot and Shoe Store, but the great burden of

our song this week is

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